

## The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1912.

WHAT IS THE PEOPLE'S PAY-ROLL? George Ade never cracks a smile. He looks like an undertaker, and goes around like one, but he is a popular humorist. Senator Hart, of Roanoke, never smiles, yet he protests that he was but jocular Saturday when he said in the Senate that the West fee publicity bill was not as important as the bill to prohibit the sale of disabled horses. That may have seemed funny to him, but it was not funny to The Times-Dispatch, for we are plain and simple folk, who are serious about good government, and who have little patience with a joke when it is gotten off at the people's expense. In fact, the humor of the able and distinguished Senator from Roanoke was as unexpected as hereafter he should put us upon due notice by having his humorous remarks set as a special order. Doubtless Senator Hart is a "fellow of excellent jest," but he seems to have taken the West bill seriously, for he failed to vote on it.

The West bill, however, was passed by the Senate, owing to the vigorous and aggressive fight of Senator West, of Nansemond, and now is in the hands of the House Committee on Finance. It is to be heard by that committee this morning, and it is hoped that the bill will be reported favorably by the committee before it rises. The hearing itself is unnecessary, and is demanded only by the dilatory tactics of the fee officers' gang. There is but one side to the question, and The Times-Dispatch is unusually curious to know what sort of argument the negative will advance this morning. Here is a simple proposition to let the people know what their annual pay-roll is, but the employees are raising Cain, using undue influence to keep their employers from knowing what he pays them. Who ever heard of a business man or firm, a country store or a department palace, that did not know what pay his or its employees received? If the opposition of these grunting fee gentlemen does not mean opposition to the people's knowing their own business, what does it mean?

The West bill should be reported today and taken up at once in the House. It must not suffer the dangerous delay it experienced in the Senate, where the Senate Finance Committee held it away until an unfavorable report was forced. By the way, good people of Virginia, the Senate Finance Committee gave this bill an unfavorable report, and that means that a majority of the members of that committee or more opposed the bill in committee; but, my masters, when the vote was taken on the bill out in the open and away from the requested shadow of the committee room, "every last one" of the members of the committee voted for the bill. They did not dare vote against such a plain right of the people when the spotlight was turned on.

They tell us that the Senate is "the graveyard of reform," but the House will have to be so classified if it refuses to pass this measure. The people are aroused over this bill, because they favor it. Every vote in the House should be recorded so that the people may know whether their representatives represent them or the fee grabbers, whom the lovers of good government are trying to make come to time. A negative vote on a motion to take up the West bill in the House is a vote against the bill, and The Times-Dispatch will give the people of Virginia full publicity as to what their representatives are going to do about giving the people publicity.

They are getting in their work, these officeholders who do not want to let the people know what the people pay them; they are writing letters, they are telegraphing, they are telephoning, they are invoking the powers of unrighteousness and the influences of privilege; they are coming to the Capitol, buttonholing and browbeating, threatening and promising, pleading for a perpetuation of the Virginia officeholders' plunderband. These insolent and impudent people, the curse of whose corrupting domination lies heavily upon the State, ought to be taught a lesson by the House. If the House is the popular branch of the General Assembly, let it boot these men out and teach them that their place is at home—that same home to which will return permanently most of the members of the House who vote against permitting the people to know what wages they pay their legislative hands.

SHALL WOMEN OBEY? Perhaps it may be due to the public effect of leap year tradition, or the agitation for the suffrage for women, or a desire to claim some of the limelight during presidential year, but for some reason the old question about the inclusion of the word "obey" in the marriage service is again on the boards. Not long since, a Richmond

woman refused to bind herself to obedience, and had some trouble in having the marriage ceremony performed as a result. The Christian Herald, of New York, presents an interesting symposium of the views of prominent women, authors, editors, and clubwomen, on the question.

Alice Harram probably expresses the fact in its practical aspect. "I think there is no danger of the average woman obeying her husband in the old-fashioned acceptance of the term." Nor in any other acceptance save as it may be included in the promise to "love and honor." She adds, "There is absolutely no danger of the average American husband expecting his wife to obey him." This would doubtless be proved if anybody ever took the trouble to get a symposium of the views of the average American husband on the question. A Southern woman, Margaret Wilson, of Atlanta, states the side of the church in her words, "Marriage ought not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, and ought that would detract from the sanctity of the marriage relation, or lower the influence of the church for good, should be fearfully put aside. If the church ceremony is not sufficiently revered to accept it as a whole, its services should not be asked or given." Christine Terhune Herriek writes, "I do not think the bride should pledge obedience any more than the bridegroom should. Mutual consideration should lead them to follow one another's wishes, but there should be no question of authority on the part of either."

Two interesting sidelights are thrown on the matter by brief communications. The Rev. C. R. Kingsley, husband of Florence Kingsley, author of the well-known books, "Titus" and "Stephen," says his wife is in the West Indies, but, "I feel sure she would favor dropping the word 'obey' altogether, as I always do whenever I officiate." This indirectly makes Mrs. Kingsley's position very clear. Jeannette L. Gilder uses the blunt pen that hath a savor of sour grapes in its words, "Never having been a bride and never expecting to be one, my opinion on this subject could not have much importance." Miss Gilder is wrong. It is the opinion of the still unmarried that really matters. The married ones have already claimed that obedience from their spouses which, to parody J. M. Barrie is, "What Every Husband Knows." From her letter, though, we may safely assume who would have been lord in Miss Gilder's domicile.

From East Aurora, where it is always the dawn of to-morrow, and Fra Elbertus preaches advanced thought, Alice Hubbard cries in clarion tones: "Should the bride pledge obedience? Yes! Absolute obedience to her own highest individuality and personality, obedience to the God within her every time."

The real matter is that women do not expect to obey in any literal sense. And the church might well consider whether her service suffers any real harm by changing its form without any sacrifice of the beautiful spirit.

Browning has a quatrain that covers many things wherein obedience might be asked.

"Be a God and hold me  
With your charm;  
Be a man and fold me  
In your arm."

PROTECT THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

The House must not shirk its moral duty by failing to take up and pass the bill to provide for the care of the feeble-minded people of Virginia. The enactment of that law means a cleaner, better, sounder-minded citizenship; it means that the propagation of an undesirable species will be eliminated. Weak-minded white girls cannot be allowed to go free on the streets, to become the prey of blacks and whites; weak-minded boys cannot be permitted to grow into criminality; weak-minded adults must be segregated and guarded. The appropriation asked for is reasonable, the situation is aggravated, and the remedy must be applied. A vote for this bill is a vote for sound minds in sound bodies—a vote for saving Virginia in the future hundreds of thousands of dollars by cutting off the burden entailed by the care of these people by decentralized agencies and by eliminating the criminal cost and pauper expense created by the feeble-minded.

The House should act to-day, take this bill up out of its order and pass it. The public good demands it.

A ROOSEVELT PRESS SYMPOSIUM. If perchance the contributing editor of the Outlook takes the time from his tergiversation, denials and wiring in and wiring out, to glance over the exchanges that come to that publication, unquestionably than he no man in the United States is in better position to appreciate the dictum of witty but philosophical old Menander that

"It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken."

The symposium of criticism, irony and sarcasm the press of the country, irrespective of political or party affiliations, is indulging in at Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's expense, would be calculated to throw the nation into a spasm of visible hysteria were it not for the strain of contempt that runs through it, and its suggestion of "How are the mighty fallen!" This suggestion is especially borne in by the comments of the erstwhile most ardent Roosevelt organs and champions, which are now forced to the humiliating confession that while,

"But yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
With none so poor to do him reverence."

The New York Tribune affords a sad and striking illustration of this con-

cession and of the recantation to which these organs and champions, in self-respect and common honesty, have been compelled, by the Colonel's recantation, renegeing and shameful violation of his iterated and reiterated pledges. Asked by a reader and admirer of the Colonel, who now perhaps wishes he had not been so inquisitive, "why the Tribune, having long been one of Colonel Roosevelt's strong supporters, is now attacking him," our contemporary denies having attacked him, but justifies its support of Mr. Taft on the strength of the Colonel's eulogy of the latter, and commitment against seeking the nomination again.

The Tribune lets itself down easily, as is natural, so far as words go, but, by implication and between the lines, it condemns the Colonel's breach of faith and unreliability and now policies unequivocally.

The New York Times, in paying its respects to the Colonel, mingles neither matters nor words. After a biting allusion to the many times the Colonel, "with various degrees of solemnity," has declared that he would not be a candidate for a third term, it quotes, as clinching these declarations, the closing passage in the Van Valkenburg letter, and, in summing up, says:

"Any man can change his intentions from time to time, but this letter, like the Colonel's statement on the night of his election in 1904, was a definite refusal to enter the contest this year, and fully justified the friends to whom private assurances that he would not put himself forward or permit himself to be put forward against President Taft as a rival candidate for the nomination. It goes far to justify, further, and with growing amazement Mr. Roosevelt's recent behavior, having with great regret reached the conclusion that in matters that concern his own plans and ambitions he does not know the difference between right and wrong."

The Hartford, Conn., Courant, in discussing how "relentlessly" the Colonel is being "pursued by his own words," with fine irony draws attention to his efforts to establish a difference between twined and twined.

and, continuing, observes: "It is pitiful that a man who has been President of the United States should have reduced himself to the necessity of such crude and futile quibbling."

The Springfield, Mass., Republican, in an equally caustic, ironical and persiflage vein, remarks, touching the Van Valkenburg letter:

"Here was the complete, the rounded thought in his mind, with no reservations or qualifications whatever. But why should a person of voting age assume that the Colonel meant what he said? Of course, he meant something entirely different. When last June he wrote that he would not be a candidate, he was really saying that he would not be an active head-on collision candidate, with his hat in the ring. And in saying that he had no intention of taking part in the nomination for or against any candidate, of course he really said that he had no present intention."

Next, passing from gay to grave, from mockery to earnestness, from the ridiculous to the serious and moral aspect of the case, the Republican impresses the fact that:

"The man who wrote the pledge of 1904, not to accept another nomination, and also the letter of June, 1911, announcing that he would not be a candidate in 1912, nor oppose any other candidate—this man was the sworn foe of deception in whatever form, and the only liar's club known in history formed under his inspiration in order that he might not be a victim of the hatred of people who deviated from the straight line of truth and candor."

And so the symposium sweeps over the land, gathering fresh volume and new voice of mingled satire, scorn and contempt as it goes.

"How are the mighty fallen!"

President Taft wants a National Board of Trade. Is this a plank for a platform or a drowning man?

The primary bill, as amended to nothingness, might be a good thing to hold elections by in the primary grade of a grammar school. It assumes that citizens who demand clean elections have the sense of children.

No wonder the intelligence of the Senate conceived the bizarre idea of amending a labor law by providing that it should not apply to "sawmills, wood-sawing machines and feed-cutting machines operating engines of less than thirty-horsepower." The Senate is perfectly familiar with one engine that is operated in this backward fashion by a feed-cutting machine. But the bill might be amended to read thirty-mulepower.

Uncle Simpson Pepper says the only parts of the magazines he reads this time of year are the advertising pictures of folks in their shirt-sleeves down in Florida or California. The other stories are tame side o' this real life-shun.

Spring styles in revolutions decree that the body and the head must not be worn together this year.

If the ground-hog had anything to do with this weather, these people who want to revise the calendar might begin by putting that varmint's birthday on February 29.

If Colonel T. R. really heard voices calling him to run again, he would make one of the finest spiritualistic mediums that ever charged one dollar a word.

Slush! is a word to wear by.

To the rumor that Philadelphia street-cars are going to have girls for conductors, all we say is, "Fair, please!"

For the gentleman who compared many men to Ananias, it might be pointed out that Moses never lead his hosts into the promised land.

## On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Village Blacksmith. Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands. The smith, a mighty man is he, with broad shoulders and snow white hands. He owns a dozen village lots and handsome country lands.

He owns a handsome private yacht, a yacht and proud beside chateau. He travels in a private car wherever he may, and he does it all day.

His fortune now is reckoned at five million plunks or so. He doesn't shoe mules any more, or mend the one-horse shay. He makes more in a second now than once he did all day.

He merely tinkers touring cars that pass along his way.

From the Hickeyville Clarion. Tase Butts tried to imitate an automobile and crank up his old mule the other day, by twisting her tail. When last seen Tase was sailling through the roof of the barn.

There are other things that tend toward longevity just as much as the act of scorchin' around a one-mile track in one minute.

Annie Purdy says his new 1912 model catmobile is already five years behind style.

What has become of the old-fashioned dude who waxed the ends of his mustache and curled his front hair up over his finger?

Caught on the Fly. That New York actress who says she hopes to marry before she dies better do it then, if she expects to at all. There's no chance afterward.

A St. Paul man has won a prize for embroidering a lunch cloth. No wonder the women are disgusted and are becoming suffragists.

One French woman says she prefers an aeroplane to a husband. And those French husbands, by the way, are also high fliers.

Nat Goodwin has recently paid \$10,000 to a former wife, which recalls the fact that a former wife is about the most expensive kind of wife to have.

Billie Burke is going to write beauty hints. As an actress, Billie is one of the best beauty hinters in the country. But it will be noticed that the Russian Cossacks are not slaughtering any innocent Japanese these days.

A male suffragist threw a brass box at Lloyd-George, Chancellor of England, and broke his nose. A female suffragist would not have hit him.

According to Uncle Abner. Nobody kin look more innocent than the fellow who hasn't paid his fare.

Between cooking the meal and washing the dishes the average woman sort of loses her appetite.

Hank Purdy traded some land he had in the river bottom to Deacon Frisby for a buckskin and a squirrel rifle. The original deal was for forty acres of land, but Hank got a good deal of the best of the bargain, for the deacon is some nearsighted and can't read good, and when Hank made out the deed he made it for eighty acres. Instead of doing him wrong, Hank has to do from him.

Amory Hicks, who pays the taxes, says that if he had a good deal of land, he would have a good deal of the best of the bargain, for the deacon is some nearsighted and can't read good, and when Hank made out the deed he made it for eighty acres. Instead of doing him wrong, Hank has to do from him.

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## ONE RESULT OF THE MODERN METHODS OF THE UP-TO-DATE CHURCH.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1912, By John T. McCutcheon.)



"John, I just know there's somebody trying to get in our front door."



"Now, do be careful when you open the door, John."



"John, John, don't open that door!"



"Gee! I didn't know where to toot-bell was at."



"Oh, John, I just know something dreadful has happened father!"



"Gee! If dere hain't no answer, I guess I'll mossey back. Gee! Dis is a peach of a night."

hence the gallant phalanx from start to finish. This ends the chapter of the second floor.

Now we reach the dominion of the head in the Treasury office, not one of the most populous. What do we find?

In the office of the Auditor, James Vasey, who served in A. P. Hill's old regiment, and afterwards in the Black Horse Cavalry—a trusted scout of Stuart and Fitz Lee, Mr. Winfree, a veteran index, who holds the humble position of janitor; Messrs. Goss and Watkins, who were youths at the time that won their spurs in the few months that they served.

In the Second Auditor's office is Chase Morton, whose service was very brief in the closing weeks of the war. In the Treasurer's office, not one of the most populous. What do we find?

There remain to be named on that floor, and named with distinction as veterans, Messrs. Platt, Folkes and D. Jones, each of whom holds the "minor" position according to the letter of the joint resolution.

It is a lame and impotent conclusion, but it is the end of the doors of the poorhouses are open to the needy old fellows who rallied around the Temple of Janus, when the doors of the Temple of Janus were flung wide open fifty-one years ago.

Richmond.

MILES.

Bubbles and Ballots.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—I wonder if many of your readers are not (or think men think they are not) good enough to vote. If so, that is why they want to do it.

The truth is we are too good to vote. We would not do the questionable things that men who are in politics think it is necessary to do. We would not go ahead and vote as our fathers, brothers or husbands said without thinking it out ourselves. We would have to read and study the situation. All this would take time, and it seems to me that time is fully taken up. Certainly we have a right to vote. We also have a right to make a choice, and we should have a right to make a choice.

If all the good, learned, Christian men in this Commonwealth can't regulate affairs of state without us, let them stay unregulated. We haven't time to do it; we cannot do everything. Let the able men do it. Some of us will live long enough to do nearly all we have a right to do.

I don't suppose any of the suffragists can be hurried or if they are, they have no babies. For what would we leave a nice baby to vote? And imagine a woman with a family of five, and the time it takes to get ready to vote. And how would we see our sisters, who haven't any babies to keep them at home, marching by to vote when we are kept at home raising the voters of the future? Would that be equal rights? If there is a woman who has a baby and yet wants to vote, she is made wrong, and should have been a man. If you are a man be a man by all means, and if you are a woman be one all through. If you can't buy a wrap without lapsels like a man (which, sad as it is, is sometimes the case), have some lace or frills of some kind about your neck to proclaim your sex. May Heaven defend us from some of our rights.

MRS. H. PERCY BAKER.

Columbia.

The Hickeyville Clarion.

an element of distaste, if not of doubt. Neither does anybody know whether this appropriation will be continued, cut down, or discontinued, if the Rinehart bill is passed. This seems to be a matter of sublime indifference. I have heard from some source that if our State appropriation, the Federal appropriation will follow suit. Do the friends and supporters of the Rinehart bill know about this positively and clearly? If so, let them publish their information.

Suppose this Federal appropriation does carry a few new demonstrators. Isn't it good public policy, and precisely what we need in Virginia, to get our negro population interested in agriculture? Our towns and cities are crowded with a comparatively worthless negro population, and the only negroes we have who are an asset to the State are those who are living on little farms of their own. We have such a community almost in sight of where I am now writing, and if by either Federal or State appropriation, to one board or to a dozen boards, such communities of useful, industrious, quiet and law-abiding negroes could be encouraged and established all over the State, it would amply justify five or ten times the financial purport that this United Agricultural Board has been receiving.

Furthermore, I see by reading the Rinehart bill, that this said United Agricultural Board is really a big committee composed of the most active members of the other boards—educational, agricultural and scientific—that its expenses have been nominal and its work "satisfactory and highly encouraging."

Really, what do you want? And why does section 7 of the bill under consideration authorize and empower the supervisors of the counties to make appropriations to this fund, an authorization which they do not need, and limit them to \$20 per 1,000 inhabitants, a limitation which is an invasion of their rights in the premises, and which they are in nowise bound to heed? What is the object of this section of the bill? And that pitiful \$5,000 appropriation also looks to me like an insult to the intelligence of our farmers.

Mr. Editor, I am not ready to believe that farmers are all fools, notwithstanding their habit of taking quietly.

—John O'Keefe in the World.

How fine when twelve good men and true (This fellow's not my sort) Importantly the case review (How dare that man report?) With perfect fairness! (Hi, you there! That is a lie to which you swear! Attend, seize that scoundrel's chair! And throw him out of court!)

With kindness (I believe that Judge is being swayed by pelf). We must not act in haste. (Oh, fudge! His brains are on the shelf!) Take off that gown and hand it here! Now Mr. Judge, you do appear! Cops, throw that jury out the rear! I'll run this case myself! —John O'Keefe in the World.

Now let us try this simple cause (That lawyer isn't right) According to impartial laws (His talk is cheap and light). This is my very proudest day! (I take that lawyer's din). Just like the simplest citizen, I love to serve my fellowmen (Oh, Judge, remove that No. 10! I do not like his chin).

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